

HERE'S A LITTLE



Pointer for You

I shall in this column endeavor to answer all correspondence that may be sent and promptly request young ladies to read this column, and any questions that they wished answered please send them in before Saturday of each week.

By Miss May Clematis.

It is dangerous to be introduced to people you don't know.

Some girls like to be known and be regarded popular.

Popularity will not earn you a living.

It is the industrious girl that succeeds.

Don't marry a man with the expectation of sitting down all the time.

Be honest it will carry you successfully through life.

It is better to take your mother as a companion rather than be dependent.

Beauty is only a skin deep and it is like a rose. It is bound to fade.

Talk kindly to your friends, and you will retain their friendship.

Send in your questions before Thursday of each week.

Nina: The more ignorant a person is the more egotistic he sometimes becomes. I would advise no woman to marry a man who is her inferior intellectually.

It is hard to teach a person right from wrong after he gets past thirty-five summers. At this age people usually become set in their ways.

W. Be strong and courageous, you are too noble and good to pay attention to small things.

H. Before you advise others to be good, you should yourself be so.

Flossie: Had he asked for you sincerely, he would not have refused to call for you. When a man is trying to win a girl he will do anything to please her.

Laura: You think more of yourself than it is expedient to show.

Hattie: Do anything to improve your complexion, hair or teeth. The great fault with our girls is, they don't properly care for their personal attire.

Since broad shoes are the fad, any one may wear a rainy day dress.

Fannie: I never did approve of a lady visiting the home of her betrothed or even a gentleman caller, except she was in company with the gentleman. The appreciation of such calls are of short duration.

Learn: I am glad the popular South Washington doctor is married again. He did the honorable thing.

The person who tells his own affairs will exaggerate about others.

If you are honest and are misjudged, never take the trouble to explain. Right will prevail.

No sensible person will bring personal feelings into business. Good deeds cannot be hidden.

Cowards offend on an injury in a way that puts the blame on some one else. Cowardice and deceit go together.

Beware of the person who talks about her friend after they have had a falling out.

Addie: I believe in all denominations. The Catholic church is said to be the first church.

Arcnie: You say that Sunday is the beginning of a new week. Such being the case Saturday must be a day of rest and church. I shall always hold that Monday is the first day.

Girls: The raglan makes a splendor every day gown, but I do not like them for dressy occasions. If you can't buy a good one take my advice and get a macintosh instead.

This strike was justifiable.

A number of girls in a factory in Derby, Conn., went on a strike because a Polish dandy scented the workroom by hunching on garlic and kumbuger cheese.

Most Intricate Game Known.

Japanese chess is the most intricate game in the world. The board has 81 squares, 20 pieces are used, and the pieces change in grade when they arrive at a certain position on the board.

Related Wisdom.

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—Do you think that a person gets wisdom with years?

Mr. Crimmonbeak—Yes; if I had known as much 20 years ago as I do now I never would have married.—Washers Statesman.

Might Be Cheaper.

Yes—So he jilted her, eh? That must have made her feel cheap.

Just—Not as cheap as he might wish. She computes the damage to her heart at \$25,000.—Philadelphia Press.

Child Sarcasm.

"Is that painter an impressionist?" asked the young woman.

"To a certain extent," answered Miss Cayenne. "He is under the impression that he is great"—Washington Star.

He Would Know.

Papa has an absurd notion that you have money.

He—I suppose we would better let him think so.

She—Yes, but we've got to get married some time.—Detroit Free Press.

TRUE TO HER JACOB.

German Woman Who Told Ten Years to Become a Useful Help-mate to the Man She Loves.

Working ten years on a German farm in order that she might be a help-mate to her fiance in Illinois, is the way love led Elske Bocker, 46 years old, who was landed recently at Baltimore from the steamer of the steamer Darmstadt.

Ten years ago Jacob Bojan loved Elske Bocker at Friesland, Germany. He proposed to her, was accepted, and decided to emigrate to America, there to make their future home. Bojan finally came to Illinois and skimped in order to take up a farm near Waller,



ELSKE IN SEARCH OF JACOB.

where he labored slowly alone to pay off the debt and make a home for her. The woman in far-off Germany, knowing nothing of farming, but certain that she would need to be something more than a clog to her husband who was to be, took service on a German farm, where she learned dairying, poultry raising and all the intricacies of agricultural life. Also she saved money, and a few weeks ago, receiving a letter from her Jacob, for whom she had toiled ten years, the woman sailed for the United States in the Darmstadt.

On landing she did not have much money with her, she was alone, and it was necessary that she be brought before the board of special inquiry at the Baltimore custom house.

"He is a good man," she said in German. "I shall be happy when I see him."

That the fiance ought to be happy, too, in having such a loyal sweetheart, who had toiled longer for her modern Jacob than Jacob of old toiled for Laban's daughter, was the unanimous verdict of the board, which sent her on her way rejoicing.

PYTHON EATS ALLIGATOR.

Big Reptile at Central Park, New York, Makes Morning Meal of Captive Companion.

The largest of the three pythons in the Central park menagerie at New York felt hungry early the other morning. Uncoiling itself from around the top of the tree trunk in its cage in the monkey-house, it crawled over toward the tank of water, where three young alligators were lying asleep, and swallowed the largest one, which measured two feet eight inches. The snake was eight feet long. The swallowing process is supposed to have taken about an hour.

Jake Cook, the keeper of the monkey-house, entered the building



THE PYTHON AT LUNCHEON.

as the snake was completing its meal. He reached the cage in time to see the alligator's tail twitching as it disappeared from view. The keeper knew that he could not rescue the victim without damage to the python, and pythons are more valuable than alligators, so he notified Superintendent Smith of the menagerie. Smith ordered the other two alligators taken from the cage, lest the snake swallow them also. The python evidently did not consider one alligator sufficient for a meal, for he slid into the water tank at frequent intervals and searched about for the others he had previously seen there. When the snake stretched itself on the floor there was an apparent bulge in its middle, and the outlines of the alligator could be seen plainly.

Superintendent Smith said that the python would have its strange meal digested in about a week without any bad consequences. He was surprised at its conduct, as the two species of reptiles live in peace with each other in a wild state, and that was why he had put them in the same cage.

STARVING TO DEATH.

Frightful Conditions in the Famine Districts of Russia.

Peasants Have Neither Fodder for Their Cows and Horses Nor Bread for Their Children—Death is a Blessing.

Forty million people in Russia are facing a famine the horrors of which can scarcely be conceived by those who are not familiar with the life of the common people of the czar's empire. The golodovska—the little hunger—of many provinces has become merged in a gold—a great hunger—embracing a region of 500,000 square miles. In all that part of Russia from the Volga to and beyond the Urals and in the north and west death from starvation has come upon the farm and village people.

In the present case even the potatoes have been burned up by the terrible heat which prevailed during six weeks or more of this summer. The chief crops of the nation are wheat and rye. This year the heat and drought prevented the maturing of the grain and caused it to wither and be destroyed or to be small in size, nutrition and yield. As a result, Russia is facing the most terrible winter in its history and the government is preparing to take steps toward feeding the people. How insufficient these steps will be can only be judged by history of past famines.

Last year the farmers had a little store of seed corn, but this year they have absolutely nothing. The reports frequently conclude with the words: "The famine committees must use every effort to obtain the necessary corn and flour, as well as fodder for the domestic animals."

What these few lines imply can be gathered from a book by Dr. C. Lehmann and "Parvus," published at Stuttgart by Dietz. The former is a Munich physician. "Parvus" is a Russian who has been studying political economy at Swiss universities.

The two friends visited Russia in May, 1899, with the object of seeing



FAMINE DISTRICT SCENE. (Thatch from This House Has Been Used to Feed Cattle.)

for themselves the condition of the inhabitants of the districts where famine may be said to be chronic; especially the governments of Kasan, Simbirsk and Samar. They received the utmost assistance from the "popes," as the Russian clergy are called.

What they found may be gathered from their description of a once well-to-do village, which serves as a type of all:

On approaching the village we saw a few horses worn to skeletons, one or two oxen whose bones, where they pierced the taut skin, were covered with festering sores. They had lain too long on the stable floor, not having strength to get up. The village itself seems wrapped in the arms of death. No barking of dogs announces us—the dogs are all dead. No pigs in the street. No sign or sound of children—the cruel winter and hunger have laid them in an early sleep of death. Nothing to betray the presence of human beings.

We enter one of the cottages. It is low, of no particular shape; the thatch is wanting in several places, the woodwork which supported it being gradually used up for firewood.

Were we not accustomed to the spectacle we should doubt whether it could serve as a dwelling for human beings, utterly unprotected as it is against rain and cold. Reclining on one shelf in the room are the father and his son, on the other shelf lie the man's wife and an elderly woman huddled close together. Which of the two women is the wife and which her mother we cannot distinguish from their aged, wrinkled, emaciated faces distorted with scurvy. The peasant says: "We lie here and die; no one comes near us." "Don't they come with bread for you from the Red Cross bakery?" I ask. "For three days past there has been no bread," is the reply.

"Why not?" "Because they have no flour. The police captain has the key of the flour stores, and he is away."

"How is it with regard to seed corn?"

"Seed corn is distributed, but we have received none."

"Why not?"

"The elder of our village says there is seed corn for us, but he does not know where it is, and he has sought for it everywhere."

Such is the story repeated at every farmhouse in every village. The Red Cross society is helpless in the face of such vast distress. It is equipped to provide bread for, say, 40 people, and finds 400 looking to it to keep them alive. The government corn that is to be distributed rarely finds its way to the most deserving cases.

TRAMP DOG'S GRATITUDE.

Protects His Benefactress from Assault at the Hands of a Dangerous Character.

"I did not formerly believe that dogs possess an instinct by which they can read character in human beings," remarked an Indianapolis woman to a Journal reporter, "but now I am positive it is true. I had an experience last night that was equivalent to a demonstration."

"A few days ago a long, lank yellow dog, about three feet high, of decidedly unprepossessing appearance except for its benevolent face, came to our house, and finding me standing at the kitchen door, began to wag his



BEGAN TO GROWL.

tail earnestly and to look into my face with a gaze that contained an unspeakable appeal for something to eat. Of course I could not resist the plea of a dumb brute that was hungry. What woman can? I did not see it any more until last night when I had occasion to go up town at a rather late hour. I had hardly gone a few feet from my house before I heard the delicate patter of animal feet back of me. Looking around I saw my four-footed pensioner of a few days before, still wagging his tail, but this time looking at me with only gratitude and kindly feeling in his face. I was not particularly well pleased at being followed through the public streets by such a sorry-looking creature, but when I told the dog to go back he gently refused to obey.

"When I had accomplished the purpose of my errand and turned to retrace my steps homeward the dog was there to accompany me. Just as we were turning off the Circle into one of the principal streets a man stepped rudely into my pathway and grinned at me. Quick as a flash the dog sprang in front of me, and, curling his lips, began to growl in a most terrifying way, saying in a manner as intelligible as if he had employed human utterance: 'I guess you had better clear out of here at once.' 'The man lost little time in retreating to the dark corner from which he had come, and the rest of the way home, you may be very sure, I paid a great deal of attention to my humble protector.'

EAGLE WAS A REAL FIGHTER.

Big Bird Whipped a Catamount and Required a Brave Man to Effect Its Capture.

A large American eagle, which was captured near Charleston, S. C., after it had whipped a catamount, was brought to Charleston and placed in a



THE EAGLE TURNED.

cage, from which it had to be moved later. The owner advertised for a brave man willing to overpower the bird without weapons.

H. J. Welch, a piano tuner, agreed to undertake the job, and a crowd surrounded the building to watch the event.

Welch first endeavored to throw a sack over the eagle's head, but this failed and the eagle showed signs of fight. The door was quickly opened and Welch rushed in. He seized the eagle by the legs, but it gave a swift lunge toward the door, passed out and dragged the would-be captor. Welch was dragged 20 feet, when the eagle turned and a desperate fight followed.

The piano tuner was getting the rough end of the conflict, but bystanders interfered and the eagle was crippled and shoved into another cage. Welch was bruised and scratched, but otherwise was not injured.

Playing His Way to Buffalo.

W. A. Lipton, who says he is from Milwaukee and is playing his way to Buffalo on a wager, arrived in Chicago the other night with a violin under his arm. The wager, he says, makes it necessary that he should arrive in Buffalo within two weeks. When he left Milwaukee he had 15 cents. This sum was increased when Lipton played and sang on the streets.

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AN INDIAN TRAGEDY.

Two Braves Gamble for a Girl and Finally Settle Their Bitter Rivalry with Guns.

Annie Red Buffalo is the daughter of a noted Apache medicine man. She is worth \$10,000 in her own right. She wears silks and diamonds. She rides in a rubber-tired buggy, but she is one of the most non-progressive and sullen members of her tribe. She hates a white person as did her forefathers years ago. She is said to have poisoned several white men who have wandered into her home at nightfall seeking rest. Her home is situated in the deep woods of Cache creek, not far from the new town of



TWO SHOTS RANG OUT.

Hobart, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. She lives with her aged father and mother.

It came to pass in the course of events and occurrences on the reservation this summer that Paul Eagle and Jack Bear Robe fell in love with this woman. Heretofore they had been the best of friends. Young Eagle is an Indian policeman, or was before his death. She induced him to cast aside his star and have nothing more to do with the white people. He followed her everywhere. He and Bear Robe came to be enemies of the worst kind. Hence it was no surprise when Eagle challenged his former friend to gamble at monte for the girl.

Miss Red Buffalo was chosen by both as dealer, and the game was a drawing card for all the members of the tribe. A few white people ventured on the gambling ground, but they were assured that their presence was not needed. The game lasted three days, during which time neither could beat the other so badly at the game as to win favor in the eyes of the dealer. She would withhold her decision when one player nearly "broke" her former friend, and the same way when the other succeeded in winning nearly out. Then, cross from loss of sleep, the young men agreed to shoot it out. To this the girl assented cheerfully.

Rifles were chosen, and the young men stepped back 30 paces. At the word fire, given by the woman, two shots rang out on the night air. Eagle fell, pierced by the assassin's bullet. Bear Robe was arrested and is now in jail at Fort Sill. It was not before the young woman for whom he fought had married him in the most approved Apache fashion. She says she will spend her fortune in having him cleared if possible.

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